

TROUSERS FOR HER HORSES.

Anna Held's Have Tailor-Made Costumes to Protect Them from Our Climate.

And what do you suppose that perplexing little Anna Held is going to do next?

You know, perhaps, that she is an accomplished horsewoman, and that her tandem cobs are the very apples of her eye. Well, she has brought them over here with her other traps. But like all French women, she is deathly afraid of the frocks and vagaries of this whimsical climate, and she is constantly haunted by the idea that her pets will catch cold, or pneumonia, or rheumatism, or some one of the hundred ills that horse flesh is heir to.

So this is what she has done:

She has gone to one of the swiftest firms of tailors in town and given them carte blanche to supply her cobs with the smartest and warmest outfits they can get up to protect them from the weather—overcoats, ear muffs, hoods, gaiters, knickerbockers, even to pantaloons.

And one of the sights of New York this Autumn will be Miss Anna Held cracking her whip and wrapped up in furs behind her horses wrapped up in "tailor-mades."

"I do not go about bare-headed in the freeze," says the little Anna with archness, "and my darling cobs shall not go bare-headed either."

But let her tell the whole story herself.

The idea first occurred to her last Winter in bleak old London.

"I was out for a drive during—oh, such a storm of sleet and snow—and, though I was in such soft furs all over, I was cold—so cold—and I could not help wondering if my horses were not cold, too, for they had to stand outside waiting for me ever so long while at my tailor's, and, sure enough, next morning the groom told me my darling Snapper was ill. And when the doctor said it was pneumonia I just thought I should die. And poor Snapper did, though I didn't. But I made up my mind that before another Winter came I would have my horses dressed, as well as myself, and I don't care how much people laugh about it, and say it is for show, I am just going to do it, for I did love Snapper so, and he cost nearly 15,000 francs, and I can never find another with so smart a tail and step."

On Thursday a reporter dropped into Martin & Martin's, on Fifth avenue, who are putting up the wardrobe, and sure enough half of their corps of skilled horse tailors are busily engaged in the making of the fancy outfits. But it was only after the reporter explained to them how he was a bit of a humanitarian himself, and that it was an interest in common with the fair Anna that he had brought him to them, that they consent to admit him into the privacy of the workshop that he might rejoice with them that at last a woman had awakened to the fact that since her softly rounded limbs were susceptible to a sudden change in the atmosphere, if they were devoid of the pantalettes, others less coyly hidden are cruelly played with by Jack Frost.

First there was held up to the reporter's befuddled vision, the—well, we'll just call them "pants" for short. They are of dark brown Kersey cloth, and it is claimed for them that they will fit as neatly as any swaggar strollers on Broadway. They are very English, of course, and unlike closely around the top of the hoof, over the smartest of white gaiters.

At the top they are well fitted onto the thigh, and a strap goes over from one to meet the other on top of the back, which, when tightly buckled, makes all fear of embarrassing accidents needless. Around both top and bottom will be an inch-wide border of darkest red.

Then the coat was next brought out. It is of the same rich brown, not quite so English in cut as the trousers, but very smart, and of the best cut. It is sleeveless, and fitted tightly across the back and sides, lapping neatly a bit below the trousers. A picturesque curve surmounts the joining end of the tail, and a gentle strap fastens it securely around that adjunct to horse-swellness.

And, to cap all, about the neck is closely fitted a hood which reaches not only to the horse's ears, but sharply ascends and divides to cover them. Then on down over the face and nose goes the protecting Kersey, and on around the neck and chest, where it is firmly buckled to meet again the trousers.

People stood incredulous when they first heard of fashionable Parisiennes having their pet poodles manured and "tailor-made." What will they think when they gaze on little Miss Held's tailor-made tandem cobs?

There really is something very touching in it all—this little Held girl with her cruel raincoat at masculine anatomy to feel so tender a sentiment for her handsome chestnuts. Already the groom is daily engaged in drilling the high-steppers how to get into their new suits without injury to buttons and frills, and it will be only a short time now before they will be out "showing their shapes" on the avenue.

Since the Journal first began telling of this entrancing little French girl who has taken New York by storm many letters have come in asking whether she is tall or short, fat or thin, little or big. For their benefit the following exact and most interesting statistics are here set down:

From the sole of her dainty foot to the tip of her shapely head, Miss Held measures just five feet two inches. When asked her weight she promptly replied: "Just fifty-one kilo."

Her forearm is nine and one-half inches long, and the upper arm ten and three-quarters.

Her thigh measures thirty-three and one-half inches on the tape line, her biceps eleven, her neck twelve and three-quarters, while her chest, which in repose measures thirty-four and one-half, expands to thirty-five and one-half.

The calf of her leg measures 12½ inches, the ankle exactly one-half as much, and the length of her foot is eight inches. The distance from ankle to knee is 12½ inches, her leg measures 27 inches in length, the back 35 inches around. It takes a string but 19½ inches long to reach around her waist.

The palm of her hand is 3 inches long, the length of index finger 2-7/8 inches, while her wrist measures 5½ inches.

The length of her hand is 6 inches, and the circumference of the lower arm is exactly 9 inches. Her shoulder is 36½ inches and the slope of shoulder is 5 inches.

The length of her back is 14½ inches, the bust 35½, and her hair is 28 inches long. Her face measures 7½ inches, her nose 2, the ear is 2½ and the distance around the head is 22 inches.

Fancy the most exquisite bit of Italian statuary assuming warm flesh tints and you have the contour of outline and the color tone of Anna Held's self. Soft, dimpled flesh it is, like that of a cherub's, and such store as she sets by it. She knows full well the value of every least curve and shading, and the very best of care she takes of it. For not a wrinkle, nor an angle, will she harbor for an instant. Aside from the cold plunge, into which is poured eau de Cologne, which she takes every morning, she is given a warm almond meal bath three times a week, after which her maid gently manipulates her for twenty minutes. Then, swallowing an elixir, so secretly guarded that no one else knows its name, the fair maid lies down for an hour's sleep, from which she awakens as divine a creature as the Lorelei.

Be it noted that the fair Anna employs none other than soft French towels of the finest linen, and no soap has found its way into the sanctity of her dressing room since—well, a long time ago, before she became the Anna Held of the dance hall. If ever the almond meal fails of its purpose a bit of delicately-scented cold cream is used as a cleanser.

Her nails—and by nails is meant not only of fingers, but of her dear little toes also—are exquisitely shaped, and bear the seal-shell rose tint. Three times a week a manicurist attends to their shaping and

polishing, while each day her maid gives them her attention.

The little siren frankly confesses a passion for perfume and violet sachets. Such confession from her own lips is not necessary, for from her tiny boot to her softly waving hair there exudes an air freighted with violets. Great attention is given to diet and sleep—and little wine is taken. Every morning when in Paris she takes a smart gallop in the Bois de Boulogne, with friend or groom to follow after, for the little Held prides herself on being one of the most fearless horsewomen in Paris.

KNITTING REVIVED.

The Good Old-Fashioned Accomplishment Has Now Become Fashionable.

The latest fad of the society girl is to knit. This pastime of our grandmothers' day has become the rage. Every fashionable young woman at present has a bag in which she carries knitting needles, silk and worsted. Stockings are what she devotes most attention to. The swell young man has knitted stockings for her by his fair admirers now. He no longer has to buy them. All he does is to pick out the color yarn he wants, and one of his girl friends converts it into stockings.

It used to be considered hard to think of a present for a young woman to give a man of her acquaintance. This is no longer the case. All she has to do is to knit him something. And anything made by her dainty fingers is supposed to enhance its value in his eyes. She can knit him an umbrella cover, a bag or a pair of stockings. The bag must be a travelling bag with handles attached to it. These are made of silk, of course. Last year you could not have persuaded a man to carry an affair of this sort, but now it is just "the thing."

This Summer all of the girls belonging to the "400" at Newport went around with these bags on their arms, and knitted themselves and their male admirers golf, bicycle and tennis stockings, as well as travelling bags and umbrella covers.

HUMAN COAL.

Two Thousand People Under Favorable Conditions Produce a Hundred Weight in an Hour.

An English authority informs us that an audience of 2,000 people, listening for two hours to a concert, are not only tiring and indulging their musical taste, but are engaged in the somewhat prosaic occupation of producing no less than a hundred weight of coal and seventeen gallons of water from the impurities and moisture of their own breath, and that if they were all perishing themselves, instead of listening, this quantity would be nearly doubled.

It is far more wholesome to drink the undiluted water of the Thames at Blackwall than to breathe the air of a crowded and unventilated room, and how cleanly people can be content to do so is only explicable on the principle that what the eye does not see the heart does not grieve over.

MONTE SEARS AS A BAKER.

The Boston Millionaire Puts Up Money to Give Bar Harbor Good Bread.

A society baker—and a Boston society baker at that!

And climax of improbability, that Boston society baker is J. Montgomery Sears. There may be some people in the remotest parts of the earth who do not know of J. Montgomery Sears—the richest man, perhaps, in rich and substantial Boston, pillar of society, swell of the first magnitude, connoisseur of paintings and statuary, exquisite without reproach.

In fact, vulgar as it is, his dander's up, and he is in the fight against his competitors with the same energy and enthusiasm with which his revered and dollar-getting father conducted similar trade battles in his unaristocratic day.

J. Montgomery Sears is rather a king pin at Bar Harbor, naturally enough. Now at Bar Harbor there is a baker, who hired a German as assistant. So far so good. All that had very little to do with J. Montgomery Sears and his set.

But the German was an alchemist at the

resigned, went off and started a shop of his own.

Name was nothing to the Bar Harbor folk. It was the bread they wanted, and they followed the German as the children of Hamelin tagged after the Pied Piper of old. The Yankee baker was left forlorn. All the hungry platecarriers passed his door and went in a long procession to "the other Oolah up the street."

In the night hours, when he thought how delectably and emphatically he had been given the worst of it, he brooded and began to plot revenge. Then he did something that was a shame to his Yankee origin. He wrote a letter to the men who had sold the German his oven.

Why, that Dutchman was not only a disgraced employee of his, and was good for the price of the oven—not. Don't trust him, he said. If you do you'll wish him in the oven before you get your pay.

It has been a bad year for tradesmen at Bar Harbor, and wholesale firms have kept close watch on accounts in that vicinity. So the oven makers sent word post haste to the German that it was either quick money or give back the oven. At that the baker's cake was all dough and he went around looking doleful and dyspeptic.

Enter J. Montgomery Sears. All the social brilliancy in which he moves did not blind the inherited eye of trade to the fact that something was wrong with the baker. Why should a man with a monopoly of Bar Harbor's bread trade go around with a face as long and white as a churchyard slab?

J. Montgomery Sears could not understand it. By tender questioning he moved the German to relate his sad story. J. Montgomery Sears, solicitous always for the happiness of his set, swore the supply

of such surpassing breadstuffs should not be stopped in any such fashion. With his determined right hand he wrote a check for the balance due the oven makers.

And the baker's heart rose instantly with all that gracious leniency. The story spread, and Bar Harbor, out of deference to J. Montgomery Sears, ate more bread than ever.

The Yankee baker was at his wit's end. There was only one refuge, to undersell the Dutchman, and he did it—for a day. Then the battle was on. It was a cut-rate war, a bargain campaign in bread, which would have delighted the heart of the elder Sears. And J. Montgomery was in it, up to his ears. Dough was no object to him.

He deposited another fat check to the German's credit, and told him to cut prices till the knives were worn out—stop at nothing, give away bread if it came to "cases," but whatever happened, stick.

And the German crowded his kneading troughs to bursting, and Bar Harbor stuffed its skin with such bread as it never saw before, at prices such as it will never see again.

HOW IT FEELS TO BE A BEAUTY.

BY ANNA HELD.

To W. R. Hearst, New York Journal: Ah! Il est bon d'être belle! It is good, ravissant, to be beautiful. I don't mean that it is pious; I mean that it makes you happy, happy, happy.

But, as we say in Paris, "Il faut souffrir pour être belle." Les avantages! But they are many! First of all you can be anything you please. Stupid, yes, bete, they love you just the same—surtout les hommes.

A pretty woman may do lots of things with impunity that her ugly sister may not dare do. Everything is forgiven her; she is such a sweet sinner. Lovely curves and glowing coloring cover—voilà—your multitude of sins as well as bones.

Beauty is only skin-deep, they say. Mais qu'est-ce que cela fait? No one wants to be beautiful any deeper, as most people can't see our bones. I say "most people," because now that the X ray is on the tapis a few nasty, scientific lovers may go around with machines trying to discover how their sweet hearts look on the inside.

Mon Dieu! but they deserve to find the other fellow's name written in indelibles across son coeur; Qu'est-ce que la beauté? Oh, it is hard to define it.

While in London I read of a Basuto young lady. Men by the ten thousands went down before her, and every day brought a tale of murders committed by her suitors on her account. But la mechante petite fille would have none of her Bantulas. She grew amoureuse of a fair-haired Britisher. But—qu'est-ce drôle!—when her passion became known to him, he swam a river that was full of crocodiles rather than remain near her—and the others whom she would not love. Surtout les autres!

It is not alone symmetry of form and feature that makes "une femme adorable"—attractive, as we put it. It is an indescribable something that emanates from her whole being, c'est enfin la qualité d'être femme. An atmosphere of sweetness and femininity. A something that oozes from every pore of her personality and compels the admiration of men.

Ah! it is a glorious and a dangerous advantage to a woman to feel her being stirred to its depths by this wonderful power. It enhances her charm ten thousand fold—but this knowledge, voyez vous, it adds sparkle to her eye and vim to her blood as it bounds with delight from vein to vein and upward to caress the transparent beauty of her cheek. What a feast, quel ciel! for the lips of a lover. Il l'adore, et avec raison.

Now pour les courtoises de la beauté! There are disadvantages, I suppose—"le revers de la médaille"—but up to the present I have not bothered much about them. But let me whisper you.

dough trough, and a magician at the dancier, and such leaves as he brought forth from the black recesses of his employment's oven made Bar Harbor forget sweetmeats and turned the Summer belles into all bread and butter girls.

Every aristocrat in the place ate that bread morning, noon and night, and from places all along the coast, so had its fame spread, came wagons which trundled away with great loads of it.

All this was not unknown to the German down in the cellar. He thought long and hard of the Yankee above stairs getting rich off the fruits of his German genius, and he struck for more pay. As Yankees will, do, the boss halted and boggled and pleaded hard times. The season was wearing on. "Warum nicht?" said the baker.

"I don't think!" said the boss, and kept on selling the beautiful loaves, in piles mountain high. The Pates, as well as the German, were as work. Mysteriously, slowly, surely, their web was weaving about J. Montgomery Sears. The German, kneading away, stared through his gratings at the swaggar conveyances which came to the door, and he scraped the dough off his hands, washed up, put on his street clothes,

Bring your ear quite close. Closer. C'est cela. A woman who has once tasted the intoxication of her own beauty would not change it for mille heavens—non! pas pour des milliers!—were the disadvantages thousands to one. Il vaut la vie, car il achete l'amour.

First of all, in my beautiful Paris, one of the greatest inconveniences of an unusually pretty woman is that she cannot absolutely—walk in the streets alone. Here and in London—ah! mais c'est tant différent. Your men, voyez vous, have not so much chagrin in their admiration. Mais a Paris, they follow you, they ogle you. Yes, they almost talk to you. Quant a moi, I always promenade myself in my carriage, even if I only have to cross the street.

Of course, belonging in a manner, as I do, to the public, I peut-être attract more attention than others. Anyhow, a pretty woman has a jolliment bad time—or good time—in the streets of Paris. It's all in the point of view, je vous assure.

Another triste disadvantage of beauty is a certain feeling of dissatisfaction and uneasiness which lies hidden away in the secret drawers of a lovely woman's heart—dissatisfaction that she wants to be. Plus on est belle, plus on peut être belle.

Like all life's sweetest prizes, the ideal which she would resemble is far, far above her limitations. Uneasiness, ah! yes! This is the very qui rouge in the rose of loveliness.

Old time is still a-flying. It flies! Ah, oui! Si vite! And in its flight it takes as hostages youth, beauty, love, enfin, tout ce fait la vie.

To a woman in public life, who is gifted with beauty, there is yet another drawback. It is the facility with which, malgré soi, she makes enemies. Women are jealous of her and, of course, spiteful comme les petits chats. That, however, is not together annoying. On s'muse de cela. It adds gusto and vim to the knowledge of one's superior attractiveness, and is a mighty incentive to be encore plus belle. But four years, one morning you wake up from dreams of youth and love, cup of coffee. You look—mon Dieu! you start; you look again. Some bird of ill-omen, pas possible, has crossed your face in your dreams, for there at the corners of the eyes you see—quel horreur! Ah! take it away, Jannette, ce diable de glace! It lies; smash it en mille morceaux.

"Ah! the coming of the crow's feet." Is the going of the beaux feet." ANNA HELD.

HER BONES ALL CHALK.

A Little Girl in St. Louis Who Fractures a Limb Every Few Days.

In the poorhouse at St. Louis is a little girl whose case is very interesting to the physicians of that city. She is Mamie Fugner and was born in the institution.

She has been dumb from birth, but the curious thing about her is that her bones break every few days. She is frequently subject to epileptic fits.

Mamie is fourteen years old, but she has the body of a two-year-old child. Her face, when she is not suffering from one of her attacks, is decidedly pretty, although there is a lack of intelligence in the features.

Her complexion is beautiful. Although she has never been outside of the building, her face is a pure pink and white, the flesh is soft and tender, and as velvety in appearance as a peach.

The face, too, is full, and presents a strong contrast to the emaciated and distorted limbs. Her eyes are large and blue, and gaze into space with sad and vacant expression.

Though Mamie weighs scarcely fifty

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A Whale That Jumped Over a Boat—Eight Hundred Pound Tunas Fly Through the Air.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, and we had experienced bad luck for several weeks, when one morning we sighted a big whale, and two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first.

"Suddenly the whale rose not a hundred yards away, and headed directly for us. The mate gave orders to stop, and we sat still, expecting that the monster would rise near us. The harpooner stood with his iron ready to throw, while we grasped our oars, nervously prepared to jump at the word 'stern all,' that nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a mountain of black appeared, which seemed to burst off the entire horizon. Up it went until I distinctly saw a seventy-foot whale over twenty feet in the air above us.

Writing from her home on West 88th street, Mrs. Lucy Oliphant Pyne says: "What I suffered from obesity and fatty degeneration of the heart and liver I could never adequately tell. My suffering extended through four long years. Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt Compound, six weeks, reducing me forty-one pounds and restoring me to perfect health, bodily proportions and complexion. Dr. Edison's Obesity Reducing Compound reduced my sister, Mrs. Henrietta Oliphant Pyne, of Brooklyn, thirty-eight pounds in a month and a half."

MARY PARKHURST DOREN.

The portrait above is that of Mrs. Mary Parkhurst Doren, East 127th street, who writes: "I got fat with such alarming rapidity that I advanced from 127 to 168 in a year and a half. Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt reduced me to my normal weight in two months and cured me of chronic gastritis."

JEANNETTE CUYLER.

Jeannette Cuyler, the popular author of "A Blighting Girl and a Girl in Bloomers" and other sweet and magnetic articles of interest to women, writes as follows from her literary nook at Irvington-on-the-Hudson: "The fat woman is an annoyance to herself and to others. I was too heavy, and realized this as I had never realized it before. I was told by my physician that there was hope for the fat woman in Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills and Salt. I took these remedies, and in less than two months they brought me down 40 pounds and cured me of distressing and dangerous liver disease."

Writing from the New York Club, Col. Calvin H. Hunt says: "Seven weeks' use of Dr. Edison's Obesity Band has reduced my abdominal measurement six inches, and the reduction is permanent."

NO "TONICS," "NERVINES," "SARSAPARILLAS," OR OTHER MEDICINES REQUIRED WHEN THESE REMEDIES ARE USED. THEY TAKE THE PLACE OF ALL FEMALE REMEDIES AND REGULATORS. IF TAKEN NOW THEY WILL MAKE YOU THIN AND WELL BEFORE THE SEASON CHANGES.

FASHIONABLE GAMBLING.

Peereesses of the British Aristocracy Who Claimed Protection from the Police.

Several ladies of the British aristocracy have been keepers of fashionable gambling houses. In April, 1745, a bill was agreed to by a committee of the House of Lords "for preventing the excessive and deceitful use of gaming."

When this bill was put in force two ladies of the title, Mary, Baroness of Mordington, and Lady Cassilis, claimed "privilege of peers" in order to "prevent or intimidate" the officers of the law from suppressing public gaming houses kept by them. Lady Mordington had a house on the Great Piazza, Covent Garden, and she claimed for herself and all employed in this house the privileges which belonged to her as a peeress of Great Britain.

When this was reported to the committee of the House of Lords it was immediately resolved that no privilege of peerage should be allowed as to the suppression of unlawful gaming or to the suppression of the houses in which the gaming was carried on.

THE MATE WAS THE FIRST TO REGAIN HIS SENSES, AND GAVE THE COMMAND, "STERN ALL." JUST AS WE WERE READY TO SPRING OVERBOARD THE BOAT SHOT BACK SEVERAL FEET, AND THE NEXT SECOND THE GIANTIC ANIMAL DIVED INTO THE OCEAN, JUST GRAZING US, HAVING COMPLETELY PASSED OVER THE BOAT.

Such gigantic jumps are rare. A similar one was recorded by a well-known admiral in the British Navy. A battleship was lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale suddenly showing itself in the harbor, and appearing very much alarmed by the shallow water. The admiral, who was then only a midshipman, joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, round which the boat spun. Another moment and the whale came up, having, in all probability, struck the bottom, and went into the air like a rocket.

"So complete was this enormous leap," says our authority, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least twenty perpendicular feet over our heads, while in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vacuity which such a trout or salmon shoots out of the water."

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon, that gleam like silver, which constitute the famous game fish of Florida.

In Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast, and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air in every direction. They dart like an arrow, turn gracefully five or six feet in the air, and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest they are certainly the most graceful of the jumpers of the sea.

Dr. Edison's Obesity and Supporting Band.

Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, Salt Compound and Band will help you get thin and well quickly and safely. Obesity Fruit Salt, \$1 a bottle; Obesity Pills, \$1.50 a bottle; Obesity Reducing Compound, \$2 a bottle. Obesity Bands, \$2.50 and up. Measure as indicated by figures on cut.

GUARANTEE. Written guarantee to refund the price if Dr. Edison's Obesity Pills, Salt Compound and Band, used as directed, do not reduce Obesity Reducing Compound as taken as directed, or if it is impossible to get our OIL CAGO MEDICAL DEPARTMENT about your obesity or any other disease. No charge for answer by competent physicians.

Druggists who handle Dr. Edison's Obesity Remedies.

NEW YORK CITY: Druggist J. Milman's Son, 188 Broadway.

BROOKLYN: BOLTON DRUG CO.

JERSEY CITY: Eugene Harriott, corner Montgomery and Warren sts.

WIOLESALERS: C. N. CRITTENTON & CO., New York.

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